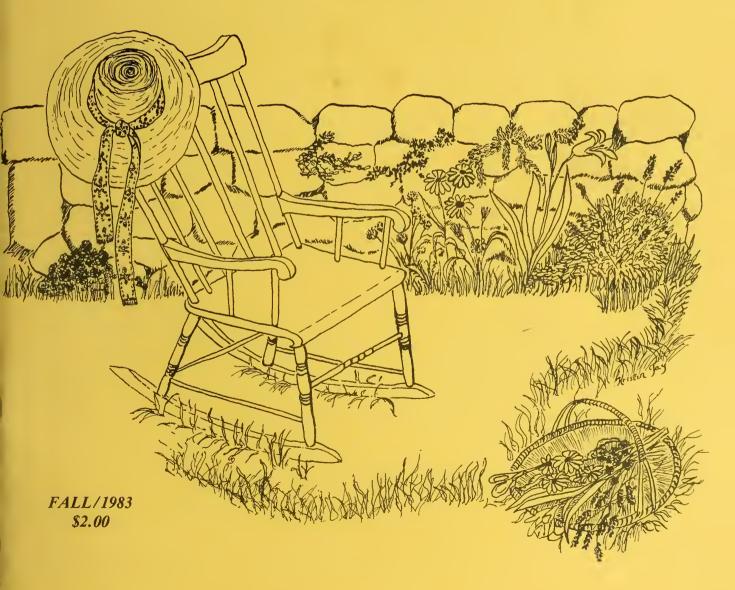


STONE WALLS





Often we are so intent on looking to our past that we neglect to do our living in the present. To look to the past to see by our mistakes and successes how to build in the present and for the future is progress. To dwell in and on the past to the exclusion of being participaants in and observers of history in the making is to withhold the precious gift of our individual, moment by moment, nowness, our being. This constitutes stagnation.

We are now rapidly approaching a new century. We cannot afford to walk backwards into it. Those who insist on doing so will certainly miss out on all the excitement that the new century promises. Those who begin even now to walk into the 21st century, looking back sometimes to learn, yet forward for their living, will be those who experience the paradigm shift it portends, a paradigm shift to surpass all others this world has ever known, a paradigm shift of far greater significance than when mankind learned that the sun isn't the center of the universe, that the earth isn't flat, and that angels didn't place fossils on top of mountains.

One family doctor turned medical researcher recently said, "In case anybody hasn't noticed, we're living at the turn of the century. The 21st century is already here. You hear all the talking about apocalypse, the end of the world, the disaster. Who's going to experience that? Those who insist on living in the 21st century with 20th century notions, let alone 17th century notions."

In other words disaster doesn't have to be experienced. And this ought to give us all pause for some serious thought taking.

Phichu S Stom

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THANK YOU

for the overwhelming response to the cry for help in the Spring issue. We especially appreciate all the lovely encouraging letters that accompanied the much needed and gratefully accepted contributions. With all your generous contributions, we now can publish *Stone Walls* for another year.

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Neatly Packaging Cummington's Past

By Deborah Hoechstetter

Photographs by Richard Carpenter

Substantially as it appeared in the *Daily Hampshire Gazette* July 21, 1982



Kingman Tavern Historical Museum

While never intended to be a period of restoration, the Kingman Tavern Historical Museum is crammed with treasures and everyday memorabilia mostly pre-1900 relating to home, life, work, amusement, education, and industry through the years since Cummington was

incorporated in 1779. The spirit and times of the early settlers here has been captured in minute detail in this museum.

Located on the Town's tree-lined main street, just off Route 9, the seventeen room frame building was built in 1800 and housed the first post office beginning in 1816. In 1821 Levi Kingman bought the building, enlarged it and made it into a tayern.

The original ell housed a store downstairs and a large hall upstairs where the Orion Masonic Lodge met. Dances, singing schools and religious meetings also took place there.

In October 1967, the long vacant dilapidated landmark was given to the town as a memorial to native son, Worcester Reed Warner and his wife Cornelia Blakemore by their niece and nephew, Mrs. Evelyn Jackson and the late Warner Seeley.

The renovation work was spearheaded by the Historical Commission which was formed in 1966. The effort gained momentum through enthusiastic volunteers working to furnish and decorate the rooms in memory of some of the town's oldest families. Heirlooms, love, and energy were all donated by family descendants to help create the museum.

In 1974, the T. C. Hamlen General Store, the special creation of Historical Commissioner Alice C. Steele, opened in a 20' by 20' addition to the tavern. No detail was spared as Mrs. Steele recreated an old time general store. Original fixtures, shelving, counters, cases, and a storekeeper's desk from the Theron C. Hamlen store was purchased for \$250 by the Commission from the daughter of Mr. Hamlen, Esther Hamlen.

A little bit of everything lines the store's shelves, counters, and display cases. Authentic biscuit tins, licorice root and epsom salts, clothes boilers, lanterns, hatpins and leggings, laundry bluing, graham flour, Parker's games of authors, codfish boxes, and a selection of whips made in Chesterfield can all be found on the shelves.

Mr. Hamlen's store once operated on the corner of the village Main Street and Plainfield Road, "in the days when you only went to Northampton two or three times a year," the 91-year-old Mrs. Steele explained. Cummington's population was, in 1840, twice what it is now and supported five general stores.

Mrs. Steele is well known for her remarkable miniature rooms depicting 19th century village life. [STONE WALLS, Vol 1]. Her replicas of Cummington places, like the Lyman General Store, Tower living room, and Union Schoolhouse room, done from memory, rivet the casual visitor with their perfection.

Olive Thayer, a member of the Commission and weekend guide, is a multi-talented woman with a lively sense of humor, whose artistic touch shines throughout the museum. Her life-size likeable-looking mannequins liven up all the rooms. In the Warner Room--restored as a ladies' parlor, the hearts and bells stenciled on the walls were copied by Mrs. Thayer from originals in the Davis House, now used as the Cummington School of the Arts.

Commission co-chairman Mildred Bates says there are eight volunteer guides on hand each Saturday afternoon in the summer. They guide visitors first to the Packard Tavern Room where travelers stopped over while awaiting transportation or to get fresh horses. Here they might have refreshments at the bar. Then they go into the Bates and Robbins gentlemen's sitting room. Here is an 1844 Chickering metal frame piano and string banjo, for parlor style music. The floors are made of reverse taper boards.



A Miniature room made by Alice Steele

The visitors then go through the library which contains early account books and the hotel register from the Deer Hill House, to the Howes Kitchen and Dawes pantry. Countless early American utensils line the pantry shelves: wire egg baskets designed to keep the eggs firmly in place while driving to market with a horse and buggy, and antique rat traps. Also to be found here is the original soap stone sink, the gourd dipper used by field workers, and a double boiler.

In the kitchen is one of the many clocks from the Harrison Swart collection. It still sounds the hours thanks to the maintenance work of Walter Morris. The medicine case of Dr. Royal Joy and the collection of Dr. Starkweather are fun

to linger over.

A stenciled brides chest, human hair shadow wreath, and replica of the Bryant Homestead study are but a few of the treasures in the Steele sitting room. The closet in the Porter-Pettingill room attracts the visitor. It is filled with dresses and hooped slips, some with slits so the wearer could sit down.

The Knapp Children's Room, the only one roped off to protect its irresistible contents, is filled with the childhood dreams and toys of days gone by. Metal toys, milk wagons, a bentwood doll carriage, a wooden walker, and an array of dolls and clothes all await a child of the early century.

Also on this floor is the military room and the industries room. Here are souvenirs of Cummington products through the years -- a cigar maker, Creamery packages, brooms, brushes clothespins from the Cummington Manufacturing Company once the Stevens Shop; and bond from the L. L. Brown Paper Co; maple products, milliners' forms, and flax and wool equipment. Not to be missed here is the fitted carpenters' tool chest and Mrs. Steele's miniature of Russell Packard's Clock Shop.

Ladies particularly will enjoy the Sewing Room filled with a collection of hand-made clothing and hats from the Hattie Hamlen's turn-of-the-century millinery shop. Here a lady would buy a "shape" and adorn it with her selection of feathers and flowers.

No imagination is needed; just enter the Giles School Room to discover just what the 19th century Union School House room was like.

Water logs, tapered at the ends to fit together, once used in Swift River, are in the Gurney Shed Loft. Here also is a variety of equipment for flax and wool work and fine quilts. From the Warner Farm is a chest, disguised as a bureau, that opens to "contain all the necessities."

And the tour continues to the Tool Barn where tools of every description for a tinsmith, carpenter, blacksmith and cooper are attractively and informatively displayed. A Lovell power plane made in Swift River, and a horse powered hay baler are examples of large pieces displayed along with hundreds day-to-day tools. The Commission is busy now with moving to the complex even more large farm pieces that have been donated. An operational people

horse-powered cider mill with wooden works, snow roller circa 1921, and a 1925 sleigh bus are on display in the Cider Mill and Carriage Shed.

The seven members of the commission are Co-Chairmen, Mildred Bates, and Thelma P. Whiting; Secretary Mrs. Whiting; Treasurer Barbara D. Goldsmith; Olive Thayer, Alice C. Steele, Francis R. Wells, and Edward Streeter. Edward B. Streeter is curator, replacing long time curator William Streeter, who moved Northampton where he runs his own book bindery with his wife Elaine. With the exception of Edward Streeter, the Commission's present members founding members of the Historical Commission.

Archivist Daphne Morris is currently in the process of indexing and photographing everything in the museum. Jeannette and Roland Labrie also give a lot of their time to the Museum as do many others.

The museum is open Saturdays during July and August from 2 to 5 p.m. and by appointment with Commission members. Special tours are arranged for groups to appreciate fully the unique holdings of the museum, particularly in the Tool Barn. No admission is charged but donations are welcome. At least 2 hours should be allowed for a visit.

It is remarkable for a small town to have a museum complex like this. Though Commission members and the dozens of Cummingtonites involved say they were not thinking in terms of value, they succeeded in creating an invaluable memorial to the town's history.

The enthusiasm and pride that got the whole project going sixteen years ago remains evident today.

Growing Christmas Trees in the Hilltowns

by Howard Mason

How does a blindman choose his own Christmas tree from a plantation? This is how one blind customer at Moss Hill Tree Farm solved the problem: He came with a friend who led him through the field and described the good looking trees. The blindman could then feel the size, shape, and texture of the tree. He could also enjoy the fragrance, probably easily distinguishing the different smells of the species. When he finally found the tree that felt and smelled right to him, his friend sawed it off the stump and together they carried it to the road and loaded it on the car.

Basically this is the same process that most people go through in picking out a tree, except that they can do it much faster because their vision quickly eliminates the trees that obviously do not meet their personal specifications. However, the choice may be much slower if several members of the family are involved. Nearly every member will vote for a different tree for many reasons. Often it takes a great deal of arbitration to finally agree on one tree.

The growing of trees for a "choose and cut" operation in the hilltowns is a spreading industry. Many more trees are

planted than are harvested because many people do not realize the long term commitment that is needed to grow a merchantable Christmas tree.

On Moss Hill we started growing trees in 1956 when the children were small, and cheap but inefficient labor was available! The first trees, two hundred of them, were planted on a bank of mowing which we knew we would probably not want to mow for hay. After a year or two of cutting and gathering hay we concluded we would be better off buying hay from our neighbors, planting the mowing with Christmas trees, and letting the sheep graze between the trees to keep down the tall grass and brush.

Later we discovered that sheep like to browse on the tender new growth of trees and thereby ruined many trees. Therefore careful scheduling is needed if you are to use these organic lawn mowers! We also found that you cannot just put a tree in the ground, leave it for 8 or 10 years and expect to sell it as a Christmas tree. Insects such as Spruce gall aphids, White Pine weevils, and gypsy moths can nearly wipe out a plantation. Thus a careful pest control program is needed.

Trees tend to grow too fast and

become too leggy, or grow off in odd directions which do not suit the popular image of a Christmas tree. So each tree has to be sheared, pruned, and shaped each year. Also lime and fertilizer are needed in most of the impoverished soil of the hilltowns.

The purchase of planting stock itself requires a capital investment. When we first planted in 1956 tree seedlings could be bought from the state for 2½ to 3 cents apiece. Today we pay 50 cents to 75 cents apiece for containerized transplanted stock from commercial nurseries. The planting itself is of course an onerous annual chore. Even with several children available it was a back breaking job to plant trees with a grub hoe or mattock. Today the job is eased by the use of special planting bars and containerized stock, but is still time consuming.

Fortunately the waiting period for harvesting trees was shortened in our case because the previous owners had planted a few trees around the edges of the pasture. By about 1960 we put a sign at the end of our road and were able to sell a few trees for 50 cents a foot. Every year thereafter word spread and the number of customers kept pace with the number of trees we had available. Business gradually increased without commercial advertising and in time grew too brisk for the number of suitable trees ready to sell.

Over the years we have modified our sale practices to make the most efficient operation for two people to handle in the busy season. For a while we allowed people to tag their trees early in the season, with the expectations of coming back shortly before Christmas to cut the tree. This gave families two excuses for a



The Mason Children - Early 1960's

pleasant outing. However, problems developed from a few unscrupulous customers cutting someone else's tagged tree. Sometimes people would forget where their tagged tree was located and never find it. Some others would not return to claim their tree. After some years of these complications we solved these problems by eliminating "tagging". Also we very soon found it necessary and less time consuming to sell trees at a set price regardless of size.

Today the first customers arrive on or before Thanksgiving and the annual busy tree cutting season begins. People have found that fresh cut local trees with the butt kept in water will easily keep the month until Christmas and beyond. We are committed to being close to home for the pre-Christmas season.

The running of a "choose and cut" Christmas tree operation is not a smooth

money making operation. It requires a long term commitment, lots of planning, knowledge and experience, plus hard work. We find it necessary to plant 3 or 4 trees for every one we expect to sell. Many trees fall by the wayside, victims of drought, insects, disease, or mechanical damage. Others never grow to be an acceptable tree and must be culled out. However it is satisfying to have some extra cash at Christmas, and there is a great deal of enjoyment in seeing many happy families spend an hour or two on a pleasant day selecting and cutting their own Christmas trees.

Inflation has not hit the Christmas tree industry as hard as one might think. In the 1960s we sold trees for 50 cents a foot, \$2.50 to \$3.50 apiece. Today prices are generally higher, but we still have some bargain trees suitable for special locations or boughs for \$2, \$3, and \$4.



Equinox

by Brook Lynes

While the crossing guard, Demeter, Catches gravity's curled caprice On her yellow slicker, Persephone spins rain Off her umbrella tips --Her smile arcing its diameter.

The New England Hurricane of 1938

INTRODUCTION

It had been raining for a number of days, and the rivers were already up to their banks throughout the New England area, when unexpectedly on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 21, 1938, a hurricane struck full force along the New England coastline and then moved up Connecticut River valley. There was no radar in those days, no storm-tracking system and no names for hurricanes which New Englanders regarded storms occurring mainly in the Caribbean. People were completely unprepared. September vacationers were staying at beach cottages; colleges were opening. New Englanders were complaining about all the wet weather, and then without warning the wind began to blow and the rain came down in sheets.

Most people who were in New England

that September afternoon forty-five years ago can remember exactly where they were and what they were doing when the storm struck. It was an unforgettable experience and an unforgettable storm. A total of 682 people were killed and many more were injured. Rows of seaside cottages became stretches of sand while seaport towns were engulfed by flood tides. Winds of over a hundred miles an hour blew down trees, downed telephone poles and destroyed homes and other buildings -- and after the storm itself was over, came the floods.

Those of us on the editorial board who were in New England during the Hurricane of 1938 decided to write about our varied experiences on that day. Many of our readers, middle-aged or older will remember their own stories about what happened to them and to their families and friends on Sept. 21, 1938. forty-five years ago.

LUCY CONANT REMEMBERS.....

My older sister, Betty, and I were at the Eastern States Exposition in West Springfield, Massachusetts, showing our baby beef steers. It had been a disastrous week for the fair even before the arrival of the hurricane. Drenching rains had kept down the attendance, and it was a wet and muddy place that afternoon. We were in the beef cattle barn when the wind began to rise and the rain poured down even harder. I really wasn't too aware of the storm until the 4-H dairy exhibitors brought their cattle into the barn because of the danger of their tent falling down or blowing away. Looking outside, I saw driving rain -- telephone poles were waving about in the howling wind, concession stands were scudding across the grass, tents had blown down, and trees were beginning to splinter and crash.

* * * * * * * * * *

After the skylights in the barn blew in, some misguided person in authority decided that we kids would be safer back in the 4-H dormitory, a brick building some distance away. So in the midst of the storm, a group of drenched, frightened kids set out to walk to the dorm. We had to hang onto each other to keep from being blown away, and the noise of the wind was awful. It felt as if the whole world was taking off and being blown apart. Some distance away we saw part of the roof of the grandstand blow off, but there was no noise beyond the screaming of the wind. Adding to the tumult was the arcing of the live electrical wires that had blown down. Somehow we all made it back to the dorm safely, to try to dry off and wonder what was happening. I remember asking if this was a cyclone, tornado, hurricane or what. The storm soon passed and then the reaction set in, as we were unable to contact our families and they were unable to get in touch with us. Electric and telephone lines were down everywhere, so communication was impossible.

That evening the mother of two other 4-Hers in our town was able to drive to the fairgrounds and insisted that my sister and I come back with her. We hated to leave our steers, although others said they would care for them, and somehow, later that evening, we arrived home in Southampton, having to detour around flooded streets. I really don't remember much about that trip -- my eleven-year-old nerves were shot. However, I was glad to get home and find my parents and the house safe, although huge elm and ash trees were blown down all over the yard.

The next morning was sunny and mild when we returned to the fairgrounds with our father. Again we had to detour around flooded streets and washed-out

bridges; and the mess of trees, branches and debris everywhere was indescribable. The Eastern State Exposition grounds are protected from the Agawam River by a dike which had broken in the 1936 flood, and during the night as the river rapidly rose, the officials decided to evacuate the fair grounds - livestock and people. The horses were taken to a nearby race track, while the cattle were led over to the Agawam High School grounds. It was an amazing sight! Prize bulls were tied to porches and calves to swings. Valuable pedigreed livestock were tied to every available fence in the area. The rodeo riders had been in their element! All the sheep from the sheep exhibit had been put into one temporary pen, ewes and rams of several breeds all mixed together.

Actually the dikes held and flooding began to recede, so the fair grounds were safe, though extensively damaged. Then came the job of getting people and livestock back to their homes. Many highways were still impassible and for a number of days it was impossible to get across the Connecticut River. Electricity and telephone lines were out for one to two weeks, so communications were very difficult. I remember that all the sheep came to our home in Southampton since it was accessible, and then gradually their owners were able to come and collect them. Similar provisions were made for other livestock.

Back home it was a long wait before electricity and telephone services were restored, even though repairmen came into New England from all over the country. There was lovely fall weather, but the damage to trees everywhere was heartbreaking, and the mess to be cleaned up was colossal. As the reported number of deaths and injuries grew, we became all the more thankful that everyone in our family was all right. Gradually life

returned to normal, but even now so many years later, gale winds make me feel uneasy, and I remember the sound and the fury of that wind of Sept. 21, 1938 -- a date I will never forget.

GRACE WHEELER REMEMBERS

I was only 6 years old at the time, but I can remember it as if it were yesterday. Perhaps it made such a dent in my mind, because it was the first disaster I had ever seen.

My family lived in Bancroft, Mass. at the time. We owned a pair of white geese and about two days before the storm they went under our back porch and refused to come out. My father said that we were going to have a big storm and that he had seen birds do this before. It was four days after the storm before they came out to eat.

The rest of the family, not being able to sense these things, went about our usual business. Early that afternoon my mother and I headed for Chester with my brother in his old truck. If I remember right, I had to see Dr. Huffmire at his office. Well we got to Chester alright, but getting home again was a different story.

I lost count as to how many times my brother had to turn the car around and try another route because of falling trees in our path.

We ended up going the long way home, by way of Middlefield, and soon after we crossed the bridge at the double arches it was washed away.

Needless to say it was a while before any of us were able to leave Bancroft.

HELENA DURIS REMEMBERS

In 1938, the year of the hurricane and flood, I was teaching school in Tolland. The old adage, "how times flies" is so

true. Now, as I look back, it doesn't seem that 45 years have passed.

Tolland has the distinction of having one of the highest elevations of any town in Hampden County. I mention this, because when the wind blows there it is always very strong. During the hurricane, it was no exception. Several times I had visions of the little school-house with its occupants, being blown away.

During the second week in September, before the school routine had been thoroughly established, we had three days of rain. Not only were conditions outside becoming serious with the rain soaked ground and the swollen streams, but indoors I was experiencing problems brought on by the inclement weather.

Imagine, if you can, one teacher with 32 pupils, all ages and sizes, enclosed in a small class-room for seven hours each day, with no recesses or out-door activities!

On Wednesday afternoon relief came to me and the children, when the radio announced that the storm was intensifying, and that we would have an early dismissal.

In no time the bus came for the children. I was cautioned to leave immediately as the road conditions were getting bad. This advice I did not follow, as I thought it necessary to leave the class-room in order.

When I did leave for home, I didn't know it then, but I was leaving in the height of the storm. When I locked the school-house door, the wind blew so hard it almost prevented me from reaching the car. I had never encountered such winds, and needless to say I did not know I was out in a hurricane!

From then on it was a struggle to keep the car in the road. Every mile was a challenge. Large limbs kept falling in my way making it necessary for me to drive



Drawing by N. Birrell

around them. On the steep hills the water in the ditches became rivers, and kept tearing into the road making it very narrow in places. Luckily for me, I did not have to share the road with anyone. At Hubbard River, the dividing line between Granville and Tolland, the river was over the road. It took every bit of courage I had to drive through it.

Home had always seemed like such a safe place to be, but on this occasion it was not. Across my driveway, a large tree that had become uprooted prevented me from putting the car in the barn. The one hundred year old maples in the front yard were creaking and swaying, and at times the branches bent and almost touched the ground. I thought for sure they would fall on the house at any minute.

I was so terrified I did not know what to do! Too frightened to go inside I just stood there in the yard buffeted by the wind and rain. There were no neighbors to go to, as they all were at work. Soon the old elm in the next yard yielded to the wind, and went down taking with it everything in sight: poles, wires and all ended up blocking the main highway.

As if this was not enough, in the distance I could hear a rumbling and a roaring. It was Pond Brook on a rampage. It was no longer a brook but a raging torrent. It flooded Mr. Reeve's lumberyard, washed away his planing mill, and all his stacked up lumber.

About 5 o'clock when the storm was abating, my husband came home from work. You can be sure I was happy to see him. He was amazed at the devastation in our village. At the reservoir, where he worked, no serious damage had occured other than a few uprooted trees, minor flooding, and small wash-outs on the back road.

Getting back to Tolland, I remember hearing the story of an aged Mr. Jackson

who had gone to New Boston to buy groceries. The storekeeper urged him to wait until the storm was over before leaving for home. However, Mr. Jackson left, because he wanted to be home by dark. Later in the evening the storekeeper looked up the mountain and did not see a light in Mr. Jackson's window. Knowing something was wrong, he and other men from the village went up the mountain and found Mr. Jackson clinging to a huge rock which protruded over the road! The road beneath him had been entirely washed away!

In the Springfield Union: "Tolland.. The hurricane last Wednesday did considerable damage to the highways and bridges. It completely washed away the road on Burt Hill; Schoolhouse Road, the section to the north toward Tunxis Club was completely washed away, as well as the road on Tolland Mountain and the Granville Tolland Bridge. The roof on one of Mr. John Roger's barns was blown in, and the trees in front of Fairlawn Tearoom went down. Fruit trees and field corn were also injured."

The following Monday morning found the Tolland school-house still standing. Thirty-two pupils were waiting at the door for the teacher to arrive. They were none the worse for having gone through a flood and a hurricane. All were ready to start where they had left off on Wednesday, and to pursue new challenges.

LOUISE MASON REMEMBERS

Good heavens - it is 45 years since New England was devasted by the hurricane of September, 1938. Barbara McCorkindale and I were both students at Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley, she to be a lofty senior and I a lowly sophomore. We were never acquainted

there and our experiences in the storm differed.

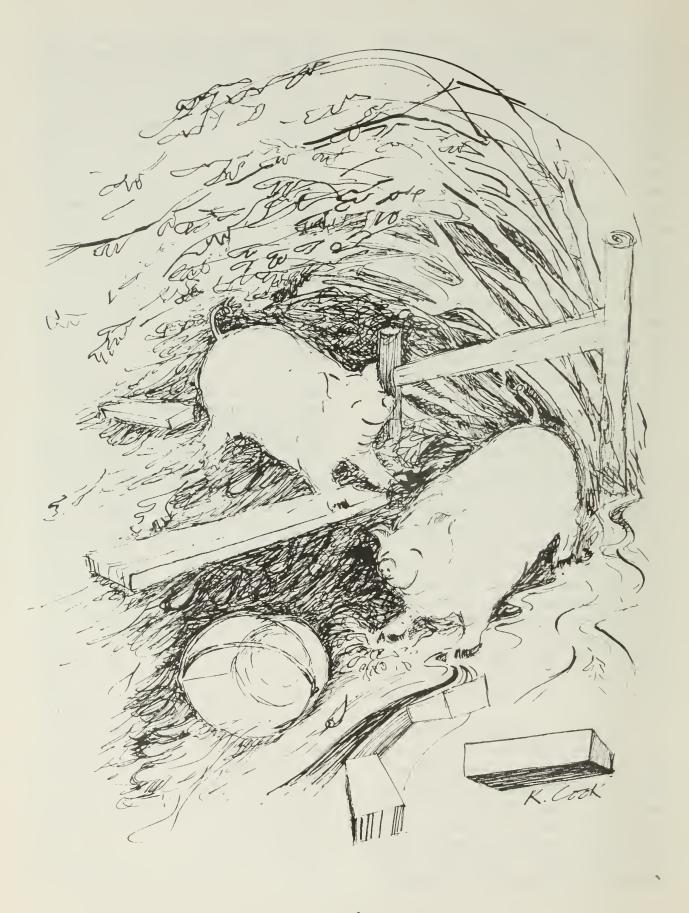
I waited on table for my board and my family had driven me up from Newton on Monday. Waitresses had to be on hand several days ahead. At that time there was no early warning system, no reliable method of predicting hurricanes, and though a storm was expected on the coast, it meant nothing to us inland. The whole thing was a great surprise and caused much excitement on campus. Classes were due to start on Thursday, after Registration and Convocation. Students were gradually arriving between Monday and Thursday. I loved college and was glad to be back. Having nothing better to do in the early hours of the storm I went some distance to another dorm to find some friends. The weather was as yet only windy, rainy, and very exhilarating. We girls were busy gabbing and did not pay much attention to what was happening outside. We finally became aware of great wind, with trees bending, swaying, and sometimes huge old trees falling. I think it was the crash of one of these that roused us! By then it was too late to leave the dormitory and return to my own, where I was probably due to wait on table. The college, though unprepared for a severe storm, reacted with what seemed like speed and efficiency. We were ordered under no circumstances to leave the building for any reason. Doors were locked and sentries posted.

We watched excitedly out windows waiting to see towers topple; fortunately none did, but trees were frequently blowing down, causing damage to buildings and parked cars. Luckily each dorm had its own kitchen and used gas for cooking, so when the electricity went off we did have food. After supper candles and flashlites were scrounged up

and we spent the evening in small groups talking or playing cards. No one wanted to be alone, and we stayed up much of the night. I found an empty bed somewhere and slept eventually. In the morning we woke to find the campus covered with debris and practically under martial law. Roll was called at mealtimes until we all were accounted for and we were still confined to whatever building we had been caught in. Some students, faculty, and staff had been marooned in assorted college buildings overnight in total darkness, without beds and food. In the morning these folks were "rescued" and escorted safely to their dorms or homes if this was possible. One professor's car had been completely demolished and a huge sycamore had fallen on a small dormitory called, appropriately, "Sycamores".

Many students enroute to college had been unable to reach South Hadley and were marooned in railroad stations, airports, and other inconvenient and uncomfortable places. Some being driven by parents were stranded along the way. In those days students did not have their own cars. Some were unable to arrive before Sunday and all had harrowing tales to tell. Convocation and classes were delayed and it was many weeks before the storm's debris was cleared away.

To me this storm did not seem so awesome as the hurricane of 1933 along the coast of Virginia, where my family was visiting relatives. They had a summer home on the shore at Gloucester Point at the mouth of the York River, directly across from historic Yorktown. The fury of wind and water had seemed very threatening in a small house while we watched the large auto ferry wrecked on the beach close by.



BARBARA McCORKINDALE RE-MEMBERS

When the hurricane of 1938 struck, I, like Louise Mason, was a student at Mt. Holvoke College. However, I was a day student, commuting to classes each day, usually traveling on foot the 2.2 miles between my home on North Main Street in South Hadley Falls and Student Alumnae Hall (the present Mary Wooley Hall). The day of the storm I had gone to the college to register for the 1938-1939 scholastic year, and I had returned home fully expecting to start classes in the next day or so. As it happened, the campus was completely isolated by flooded roads and fallen trees, and I did not see it again for two weeks!

There had been heavy rain for several days, and my family and I agreed, when a strong wind started to blow, that this probably signaled a clearing trend. The wind kept rising in stronger and stronger gusts, and my two younger sisters and I ran outside in the driving rain and bent our united strength closing and bolting the heavy barn doors which were being battered to and fro in the increasing storm.

We were seated around the supper table when the full fury of the elements struck. Meal hours on the farm were invariably 7:00 AM, 12:00 noon and 5:00 PM, so it must have been shortly after five o'clock. I remember that the atmosphere was one of excitment. We had always considered thunderstorms to be fun, and this was reaching the full crescendo of a dandy storm. It never

occurred to any of us to be afraid. As we sat there eating, the chimney blew down, and the bricks clattered and crashed on the roof above us. My mother was reminded of the several times the chimney of her grandfather's house had been struck by lightning and crashed down in the same way. At one point someone looked out the window and observed that our two pigs were running loose out in the yard. Their pen had blown over. We all rushed to the window to admire the rotund porkers, their bodies pink and shiny in the rain. My father chose that moment to lecture us on the nature of pigs. They were, he assured us, naturally clean animals who needed much mositure on their skins. Humans who kept pigs usually provided this moisture in the form of mud. It was easy to see that those wet - but clean - pigs were quite happy.

All during that violent storm, it never occurred to us that we were in the midst of a hurricane. This was a bit odd in view of the fact that my parents, in the early years of their marriage had spent some time in Florida and had endured at least one whopping big hurricane on Key West. Yet all authoritative sources said that hurricanes only took place in tropical regions and certainly they could never be expected in a climate like that of New England! It was not until several days had passed and newspaper and radio coverage revealed the truth, that we were able to accept the fact that we had. indeed, experienced a hurricane! Perhaps if we had realized this, we would have had sense enought to be afraid!



Tip-Top Wedding in Middlefield

A Returned Klondiker Weds His Bride on Top of Robbins Hill

by Daughter - Mrs. Ethel Sternagle Pelkey

A wedding, unique in some respects, occurred in Middlefield October 18, 1900, when Henry Sternagle Jr. and Maud C. Holmes were married by the Rev. H. M. Bowden. The parties were neighbors to each other on the Hinsdale Road. On the east side of this road rose quite abruptly a series of hills which are a continuation into Middlefield of French Hill and Kilbourne Peak the highest land in Peru. The most northern of these hills is called the Robbins Hill, being situated on the farm sold by Jacob Robbins to G. W. I. Landon of Paterson, New Jersey. This Robbins Hill was said to be the highest land in Hampshire County. When the last topographical survey was being made the surveyors had a station on this hill, and the flag of this station could be seen from all the adjoining towns. On the west the view was wonderfully fine and unobstructed from the Hoosac Mountains and Grevlock on the north to Mt. Everett in the southwest, and the hills in Connecticut, which gradually decline to the valleys of the Farmington and Connecticut Rivers. The parties chose this hill overlooking their homes as the place where their marriage should take place. And so on Thursday afternoon, October 18, 1900, they, with a few members from each family, climbed the hill and there,

near the old flag-staff, with the Berkshire Hills before them displaying a wealth of coloring, such as October woods rarely offer, reflecting the mellow golden sunlight from the vast expanse of forests and fields, they were married. Descending the hill, they returned to the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Holmes, where refreshments were served. Later, amid congratulations from friends and abundant showers of rice, the happy couple started on their wedding trip, going to Albany on Thursday evening. On Friday, they went to New York, and took about a week in seeing the sights of the city, after which they expected to return to Middlefield for permanent residence.

Mr. Sternagle's parents Middlefield from Albany when he was quite young, so he was one of the young men reared in Middlefield. He was held in high esteem by his fellow-townsmen, and was for several years on the Board of Selectmen and Assessors. He also was a member of the Executive Committee of the Congretational Church until the excitement, arising from the gold fields in Alaska, took possession of him, and in February, 1898, he left Middlefield for the Klondike. He returned to Middlefield in October of the same year to find his

father helpless from a shock and suffering greatly from rheumatism. This condition of affairs at home modified his plans of returning to the gold fields, and led him to postpone the quest of gold in the hope that his father might regain his usual health and vigor. Two years of continued invalidism on the part of Mr. Sternagle, the senior, seemed to forbid the expectation that he would ever be able to resume the management of his large farm, and Mr. Sternagle, the junior,

in obedience to his sense of filial duty, decided to settle down and take the management of the farm upon himself and care for his parents in their declining years. Aware of the disappointment of some cherished plans, the people of Middlefield welcomed Mr. Sternagle to a permanent residence there in the belief that a consciousness of filial duties loyally done will more than offset the failure of other plans in life.

More Sayings

from Amorette Childs

- 1. The wheel that squeaks gets the grease.
- 2. Everyone in the world is queer except thee and me, and sometimes I think thee is a little queer, too. (Usually attributed to a little old Quaker lady, thus the thees.)
 - 3. The wish is father to the thought.
 - 4. When it rains it pours.
- 5. Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep and you weep alone.
- 6. A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still.
- 7. See a pin and pick it up and all the day you'll have good luck.
- 8. Needles and pins, Needles and pins. When a man marries his trouble begins.
- 9. Fine feather make fine BIRDS.
- 10. Necessity is the mother of invention.
- 11. Fools walk in where angels fear to tread.
- 12. All that glitters is not gold.
- 13. East, West, Home's best.

- 14. As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is.
- 15. Those who dance must pay the fiddler.
- 16. He who pays the piper calls the tune.
- 17. Practice makes perfect.
- 18. Handsome is as handsome does.
- 19. Beauty is only skin deep.
- 20. He has champagne tastes with a pauper's pocketbook.
- 21. Believe nothing you hear and only half of what you see.
- 22. Take it with a grain of salt.
- 23. You've made your bed; now lie in it.
- 24. Life is what you make of it.
- 25. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.
- 26. Gold is where you find it.
- 27. Live and learn.
- 28. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.



Autumn Evening

Dusk descending,
Fires burning low,
Voices calling over frosty, smoke-filled air,
Probing,
Seeking,
Asking

Where?

Where

Footsteps nearing,

Retreating,

Advancing slow,

Voices heard in loud and sharp objection,

Now again in quiet, sweet affection.

Charact bits rabed in piles and left to smelde

Charred bits raked in piles and left to smolder, Slamming doors,

Lamps turned high, and wispy smoke across the sky

are left to the beholder.

by Alberta C. Whie



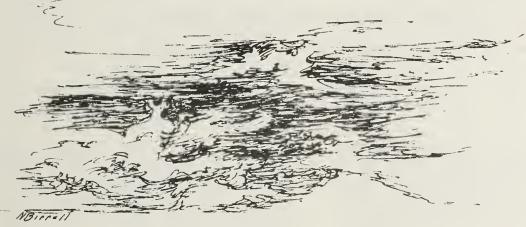
come again; in the time of Autumn

 $by\ c\ j\ blake$

when spirits dance on the waters & [from woodlands] greet the skies; when the sun & the moon together stand as beacons for the wise; when the breath of ancient Autumn paints the mountains with red and gold & summer cowers in whispering sheaves gathered against the cold, come again, the time of the Indian; once again, his stories of old.

then [with legends of hunting & plenty to match the deeds of men growing bold] there are songs to honor Earth's beauty as there are tales to challenge the cold.

so if [in the time known as Autumn] you hear the strains of a song never old, or if [on a morning] you happen to see the spirits of Earth going home, be at one with the dawn & the Indian; bless his season of crimson & gold.





Health Care for the Hill Towns

A History of the Worthington Health Association

by Laurie Doyle

For years, every hill town counted among its residents a physician who cared for whatever ailments people had. There was Dr. Mary Snook in Worthington, Dr. John Huffmire in Huntington, and Dr. Charles Starkweather in Cummington. But over time, this changed; these doctors

retired, or died, and no new ones came forth to take their places. Having health care where and when they needed it became something Hilltown people could no longer take for granted. Like rural areas all over the country, most hill towns were left with no doctors at all.

In Worthington, this void prompted the development of the Worthington Health Association (WHA) in 1950. The readers of STONE WALLS very likely have heard of this organization, but may not be aware that it is a unique example of how our Hilltown communities worked together to make health care services available locally for over thirty-three years. This is the story of how that association was founded, how it evolved and how its commitment to ensuring health services for the Hilltowns remained constant.

The history of the Health Association falls into three distinct phases: a start-up phase when services were delivered in the Lyceum Hall in Worthington (1950-1963); a middle phase marked by the establishment of the present Worthington Health Center and the concurrent fiscal and organizational challenges; (1963-1976); and the present phase, when the organization received federal funding, matured, and expanded the basic nature and scope of its services (1976 -).

BEGINNINGS (1950 - 1963)

The story of the Worthington Health Association began on the floor of Worthington's town meeting in February, 1950. Mrs. Florence Bates, Red Cross nurse for the Hilltown district, told the people assembled that day that something must be done to obtain adequate medical care for the town. It had been two years since Dr. Mary Snook had given up her practice, and the attempts to fill this gap with young physicians in training coming up from Northampton a few hours a week was not a long term solution. She urged the development of a community

health center as an inducement to doctors to take up practice in this rural area, to offer them a place where office space, equipment, and other facilities would be provided. Mrs. Bates was an eloquent pleader. After some discussion, the voters decided that the project would have a better chance of success if it were kept free of town politics; if, instead, the initiative of private citizens and support from voluntary contributions were used. Town meeting was adjourned, but seven people remained to act as a committee to take up the task of obtaining permanent physician for Worthington: two farmers, Fayette Stevens and Leroy Rida; two businessmen, Clarence Pease and Henry Cheetham; a retired college professor, Carl Joslyn; a registered nurse, Florence Bates: and a housewife. Esther Sena. This combination of talents proved invaluable in the months of planning that followed.

After visiting existing clinics in New England, talking with the people in the communities they served, and reading the available literature on the subject, the committee decided that the project was indeed feasible. Similar projects had been successful and sufficient interest and financial support could be found in the Worthington community. The original seven were joined by Lawrence Durgin, a prominent physician, Merwin Packard, storekeeper and postmaster. These nine were the original incorporators, Worthington and the Health Association, Inc. was legally recognized by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in September, 1950.

Five basic precepts were set forth by these founding members. Three of these remain an integral part of the By-laws of the organization today. Briefly stated, the five were: 1. That the association should provide space, equipment, and facilities for the practicing medical staff, each of whom would carry on a private practice.

2. That the association stood ready at all times to promote and conserve the health of the people of Worthington and the

surrounding communities.

3. That membership in the corporation would be open to anyone upon the payment of annual dues of a nominal sum. A Board of Directors, elected by the membership, would manage the affairs of the Corporation. (This built-in sponsorship was an unusual characteristic of a health care organization, especially in the 1950's.)

 That no profits from the activities of the Association could inure to any individual.

5. That the Corporation existed primarily to serve Worthington residents.

The Worthington Health Association was more than an organization on paper, then and now. It was a collection of Hilltowns deeply committed to ensuring local quality health care. No one needed to persuade people to pitch in; countless individuals over the years have given of their time and skills freely. Carpentry was done without charge, chairs donated and slip covers made, legal advice was given, people served on the board of directors. The Association existed for the Hilltown people, and they responded generously.

Medical services were initiated on October 1, 1950, only a few days after incorporation was completed. Dr. Eaton Freeman provided medical care three days a week and emergency care 24 hours a day. Dr. Freemen was a skillful physician, and a sensitive, caring person whose presence did a great deal to give the new venture a solid foundation. So did the contributions of Harold Stone, D.D.S., who provided dental care to the children of the town free of charge except for the cost of materials. Frederick Foster, D.D.S. provided adult dental care

on a fee-for-service basis. Mrs. Florence Bates co-ordinated the health prevention activities which included chest x-rays and other public health screening measures. The fact the services were comprehensive in nature set a precedent for the Association and made the name "The Worthington Health Center" more fitting than "Medical Center." This precedent has been followed ever since.

Since one of the Association's major purposes was to provide facilities for health practitioners, much attention was given to their premises. The Lyceum Hall, a former school building in Worthington, was rented for a small fee from the town. Needed alterations were made and equipment purchased and installed with the \$4,200 raised founders and supporters. Volunteers painted the walls, somebody donated a wooden rocker, someone else a Morris chair and a braided rug for the waiting room. An expansion project was undertaken in 1954 when the Association obtained a 99 year lease from the town. Office space was added to, providing a more adequate examing room and a consulting room for the doctor. A well-equipped room for the dental practice, and a larger waiting room with a lavatory were added, also. A set of matching captain's chairs was presented to the Center and the whole room refurbished with paint and new cushions in a harmonious color scheme. The doctor was presented with a new desk; an examining table was purchased with money from a memorial fund. Dr. Leighton Kneller was the physician in residence, and at the open house in November, 1955 there was a sense of satisfaction in a job well done.

It has been mentioned that at first the Health Center was intended primarily for Worthington residents. However, the concept of a hilltown health center serving the entire area took hold shortly after services began in 1950. In 1951, Cummington residents formally became members and used the Center. The 1959 annual report states that 575 hilltown families were served, from East Windsor, Cummington, Plainfield, Chesterfield, and Worthington. Also in 1959 Chesterfield actively undertook membership recruitment, and formally became a supporting town. Directors had been elected from both Chesterfield and Cummington by 1960.

A problem that the Association has had to face many times over the years surfaced early in the start-up phase. This was the divided loyalty of a practitioner between his Worthington practice and his practice elsewhere. The first time it manifested itself was in the area of dental recruitment in 1957. The board had previously used the strategy of recruiting a dentist beginning a practice elsewhere who would be interested in supplementing his income by practicing part-time in Worthington. However, experience showed that, once the demands of the "home" practice increased sufficiently, the Worthington practice was eliminated and the Health Center was left without a dentist. The Board overcame this problem then and later by providing extra inducements in the form of equipment and support staff to practitioners who would agree to base their full-time practice in Worthington. In 1957, John Modestow, D.D.S., was recruited to practice full time in Worthington, and continued to provide services at the Health Center for twenty years.

Physician staffing during the first thirteen years was stable and continuous. There were four physicians, three of them spent four years or more at the Center. However, the ten-year progress report foretold of problems to come:

"We have become aware of the shortage of doctors and also aware that many places can offer more than we do -- guaranteed gross income and house in addition to medical and surgical facilities. A solo practice and distance from the hospital are large problems to many doctors."

Perhaps this was the reason that the Health Association undertook a major project in 1963: to build and equip a modern facility specifically designed as a Health Center. This marked the beginning of the second phase in the history of the Association, one ushered in by the opening of this new building. However, it should be noted that the original concept of funding operation, maintenance, and capital expenses solely from membership dues and contributions had worked well during the early years. Treasurer's reports show a growing financial balance in spite of the purchase of a good deal of equipment, and the expenditures for the expansion and renovation of the Lyceum Hall building.

GROWTH AND CHALLENGES (1963-1976)

To raise funds to build, equip, and furnish a completely new Health Center must have seemed like a monumental task to the members and friends of the Worthington Health Association. Clearly, it could not have been done without the dedication and persistence of Florence Bates. You may remember that she was the one who urged the formation of the original citizen's committee in 1950. Her role continued to grow throughout the years. She wore many hats of nurse, receptionist, housekeeper, and someone who would do those unglamourous

chores that no one else found time for. More importantly, she provided the "glue" that united the different services: the Board of Directors, the volunteers, the professional staff. She provided the inspiration that kept them all moving towards greater goals. It was Mrs. Bates who took on the leadership for this campaign for a new Center building. She was influential in persuading Roy and Helen McCann, long time residents of Worthington, to make the overwhelmingly generous gift of land and funds to build the Center. The McCann's stipulation that the Association raise the remaining funds needed for furniture and equipment must have seemed quite reasonable to Mrs. Bates. After all, it was only right that the hilltown people who would so greatly benefit from the Center's existence should make whatever contributions they could to it. Mrs. Bates then set a goal of raising \$25,000.00, estimated as the amount needed for furnishing, equipment, and incidentals.

In addition to the usual methods of solicitation used by the Association previously, a number of creative approaches were used. Pete Packard, son of one of the founders, and now proprietor of the general store in Worthington, set up a canister by the store's check out stand so people would be induced to leave some of the change they received after paying for groceries. Volunteers in several towns went door to door to bring the cause before every resident. Contributions also came in from distant friends who wanted to support this rural community's efforts to obtain the best possible health care for its residents.

The open house for the grand new Worthington Health Center was held on October 5, 1966. This was no ordinary event: over 200 people attended from all

the communities. They appraised with pleasure and satisfaction the comfortable waiting room decorated in maroon and beige, the receptionist's office, the well equipped doctor's office and examining room, the dental rooms with their moderized equipment on the other side of the hall. There was an infectious feeling of celebration and triumph over many obstacles. The future of health services for the Hilltowns now seemed assured!

However, the problem of getting and keeping a physician came up again soon after the new Health Center opened its doors. This somewhat diminished the elation over the success of obtaining the building. From 1964 to 1970, three physicians came and went within a year's time, and there was no doctor at all for a period of two years. This pattern must be placed within the context of what was happening in the field of medicine. The swing toward physician specialization was at its height; there was an intense shortage of family physicians who could take care of a patient's general needs: the demand for medical care had increased everywhere with the advent of government subsidization of medical care for low income families through Medicaid, and for the elderly through Medicare. In short, doctors were in short supply, and, unfortunately, rural areas were again among those hardest hit.

So the bright attraction of the new Health Center in Worthington must have been diminished for the limited number of interested physicians by the facts that a sparse population meant income would be lower than in urban areas, and that much time would have to be spent on the road traveling to and from the hospital. Getting a doctor became an uphill battle at this point.

A noteworthy exception to this pattern was the continuous service of John

Modestow, D.D.S., and Richard Post, O.D. These practitioners formed the "lynch pin" of the Center services, providing care that Hilltown residents could count on year after year. Dorothy Cole and Florence Bates also continued to provide whatever nursing care needed, on a 24 hour, 7-day per week basis.



Dr. Modestow and Nan Modestow

Although the 1970's brought new issues for the Association to contend with, rapid physicians turnover was no longer one of them. George Scarmon, M.D., arrived in 1971 and brought with him the many changes of the late 60's and early 70's. He set a tone for the Health Center which lasted nearly a decade, a tone that reflected the counter-culture values of placing a high priority on healing all people humanely, and a low priority on appearances. Although some found Dr. Scarmon and his staff unacceptable,

many were won over by his receptivity, his skill as a physician, and his willingness to go to great lengths to give his patients the best possible care. William Shevin, M.D. joined Dr. Scarmon in 1974, and they practiced jointly until 1976.

Dr. Shevin remained after Dr. Scarmon left Worthington, and began building what was later to be called a holistic practice, one that emphasized treatment of the entire person rather than a diseased segment, and prescribed natural therapies such as vitamins and herbs rather than pharmaceutical medication.

The Board of Directors for the Association was involved in some internal controversy during this period. Dr. Scarmon and his staff were intensely interested in changing the role of the Association from that of landlord for private practitioners, to that of employer, manager, and vendor for the whole business of delivering health care. The physicians and the staff would be the employees of the Association, working under contract and on salary. The Board and the membership of the Association were reluctant to make such a radical change without careful consideration, and some were definitely opposed to such a plan. The staff, frustrated and a little angered by this "deliberate speed", recruited enough new members for the Association to pack the annual meeting in 1973, and to elect four members from this group. Since two of these left within a few months, the balance of power on the board remained about the same. However, the two remaining were on the staff at the Center and this raised the question on conflict of interest. The practice of electing staff members to the board was challenged in court and the decision handed down was that no conflict of interest existed. The By-laws

of the Association were then changed to state specifically that staff members might be elected to the Board.

The debate over contracts for the doctors and the change in the role of the Association continued: the staff members anxious to have such an arrangement, the Board insisted on sufficient funding and careful organization before accepting any such change. Fiscal difficulties continued to plague them. The situation reached crisis proportions in the years from 1973-1976. The annual report in 1976 stated:

"The previous months have not been a time of constant tranquility. They were marked, from time to time, with some anxiety and stress caused by financial difficulties. The income of the Center was not adequate for all the expenses. Rising prices and costs and the loss of the CETA support placed unplanned burdens upon the Center. As a result, the Board was faced with difficult decisions to equalize the financial imbalance. Only after many meetings, often times late into the night, was it able to formulate plans to ensure that the Center would remain a financially viable facility."

The struggle of this hard work paid off. Several significant additions to the Association's funding were found, most of them broke with the tradition of independence from government of practitioner involvement. Town support was sought and obtained from Worthington in 1973, Chesterfield and Cummington in 1974. The practitioners agreed to participate in "cost-sharing".

One particularly noteworthy activity to raise funds was a benefit concert in October, 1975 by Arlo Guthrie, a nationally known folk singer who lives in Washington, Massachusetts. Several staff members knew Arlo, and convinved him of the importance of their cause; he agreed to donate the entire proceeds of

the concert to the Health Assocation. Contributions were also made by many Hilltowners, the Senas let their land be used, and the Boy Scouts and the Lions Club donated a portion of the concession profits. The event netted \$18,000, and has been a much referred to model for community fund-raising in Western Massachusetts.

Even with these additional funds, by 1976 it was apparent that something more was needed. Application was made to the federal government for a grant, and in June 1976, The Worthington Health Association became the recipient of a grant of \$108,500, subject to certain requirements. This ushered in a new era for The Health Association, one marked by changes dictated by the federal funding, additional growth, and changes in medical practice in general.

There were many in the community who opposed federal funding for the Health Association. They regretted the loss of personal involvement community responsibility that followed, and they had reservations about the changes the government might require. One of these requirements was that there must be an administrator to oversee the grant. The Directors questioned whether the small size of the organization warranted such expense, but in the long run, the position proved its value by adding skills in grant-writing, public relations, financial mangement, and integrating a disparate set of services.

One of the most important contributions of the Rural Health Initiative grant was the fiscal stability that allowed a significant expansion in the range of services delivered under the Health Center's roof. Since Dr. Scarmon's resignation in 1977, Dr. Shevin had been providing routine and emergency care on

a 24 hour basis. The grant provided funds to hire a "physician's assistant", a new type of health practitioner trained to handle many common health problems under a physician's supervision. An "outreach nurse", Madeline Provost, was hired in 1977 to carry out the policy of the Association to keep people well in addition to healing their ills. She provided clinics for screeening for cancer, lead poisoning, high blood pressure, and programs to reduce health risks: weight loss and stop smoking clinics.

In 1979, a fundamental principle of the Association was changed. For the past 29 years, there had been a landlord-tenant relationship with the practitioners. With the grant money to ensure sufficient funding, and with the increasing need to coordinate all the various activities at the center, it became obvious that the time had come for the doctors and staff to enter into a contract with the Association. Such a contract, agreeable to all parties, was worked out, and the Association through the elected Board of Directors, became responsible for the entire operation of the facilities and services of the Health Center, Unfortunately, the contract that Dr. Shevin had worked for so hard came only nine months before he left in 1979.

In 1978, Dr. John Modestow, uncomfortable with the changes at the Center, withdrew from his practice there to give full time to his work in Florence. The Center remained without dental services for the first time in twenty years, until 1981, when Dr. Martin Wohl began to develop a full-time dental service. The dental suite was refurbished and the equipment modernized, and the Center

once again had a high-quality dental practice to offer.

All those associated with the Center in the past or present were saddened by the death of Florence Bates in 1978. As the founding "mother" of the Worthington Health Association, her inspiration was much missed. However, her influence was to make itself known again in 1981. Mary Pardee Allison, a lifetime friend of Mrs. Bates, remembered the Association in her will, leaving \$247,500.00 to the organization. It was a very welcome gift after the fiscal crises of the previous years, one which imparted greater fiscal stability than the organization had ever known. Income from the investment of this fund would be used only for special Association initiatives which could not be funded from other sources.

One more significant event occurred in 1981: The Worthington Health Association for the first time opened a "satellite" center in the town of Huntington. Meetings had been held with town representatives for several months before opening a medical practice in the former office of Dr. John Huffmire, a general practitioner who had served Huntington for over forty years. It was named "The Family Health Center" to emphasize that new specialty in the medical field. The doors were opened in October, 1981 with a two day a week schedule. This grew to four days by 1983. Now with two centers, one in the northern and one in the southern part of the hilltown area. The Center had and significantly widened its base increased the numbers of people served.

Who would have thought that a group of seven citizens: two farmers, two

businessmen, a retired college professor, a nurse, and a housewife could have started an entity that not only lasted thirty-three years, but has successfully coped with fiscal crises, staff turnover, internal conflict, public controversy, and

momentous changes in the delivery of health care? The Health Center stands as a tribute to the spirit of these founders and the tenacious support of the communities that it serves.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

- 29. It's a long lane that has no turning.
- 30. What you dish out will come back on your own plate.
- 31. To accuse is to self accuse- or, it takes one to know one.
- 32. It's a poor hen that won't scratch for her own chicks.
- 33. Where there is no sense there is no feeling (said to a child who had just bumped her head.)
- 34. As independent as a hog on ice.
- 35. None are so blind as those who won't see.

- 36. It's too thick to drink and too thin to plow (said about the atmosphere.)
- 37. What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve over.
- 38. Don't judge a book by its cover.
- 39. The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.
- 40. Never go to bed with a quarrel in your head.
- 41. Hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may.
- 42. Least said- Soonest mended

Percy Wyman's Younger Life As Written Just Before His 80th Birthday

I am trying to tell in this story about my life through my younger years. Of course I could never tell all I know, and perhaps it will be much better left so. First I think of those days about seventy five years ago when the houses were not built so good and warm as today, but were framed and put together in a much different way. I remember sleeping upstairs with just a mattress for a bed and dried corn husks for a pillow. Snow blew through the roof onto the floor. I can see the old house that Grandfather built of rough lumber probably sawed at a water mill. The clapboards were planed on the outside. There was no plaster on the kitchen ceiling, because I could see all the nails driven into the seams over the stove. There Father and the others hung their boots to dry after they had rubbed them with mutton tallow to soften them.

I remember when Father bought the old Rowley Place. That was way back in March 1894. I was half past five. It seemed to us a wonderful spot. There was so much for us children to see. It was like being set free. The house was large. There were spring flowers to be picked the swamp apple blossoms and Mayflowers. I can see myself lying on my belly beside the brook trying to catch suckers with a bent pin. I know I spent hours there never catching any fish, but fascinated - what joy. On stormy days I remember going to the barn to jump in the hay. I also used to go to the blacksmith shop with Uncle Bill to see him shoe horses and cattle. I'd sometimes pump the old fashioned bellows for him, by Percy Wyman or just stand and watch while he put a steel tire on a rim.

Miss Ripley was my first teacher at the old second division school. She was strict, but we learned the golden rule. Sometimes she would let us ring the bell. That made us really feel like somebody. We boys always tapped maple trees in the Spring. We made spouts and gathered pans and pails. I used my home-made sled to collect the sap, took it to the house to boil it down on the kitchen range.

We went barefoot as soon as the first peepers came out and all summer so as to save our shoes. Sometimes we'd step on a nail left in a board. Mother would put a piece of salt pork on it and bind it tight with a clean cloth. She tied it between our toes and back at the heel so it wouldn't come off.

In summer and fall there were always apples to gather. The early harvest was used for pies. That tree grew back of the water shed, and the sweet ones for baking were just back of the house.

I had to help with haying. The men mowed by hand. We followed and shocked. This was no joy. We also had to rake it from under the trees so the breeze and sun could get at it. Those lunches we had while haying in the field were good. There were baked apples and sandwiches and home-made cheese and pie. You can't imagine how they pleased.

We'd go picking blueberries on the North Blandford Road. We would try to pick at least a ten-quart pail. Chestnuts later in the fall were easier. There were plenty for all.

The lamps had to be filled and washed every day and the wicks trimmed always straight across, but we could go to sing around the organ or piano each night.

At about ten years old we had to start dropping planting potatoes in rows and replant the corn which the crows had pulled up to eat, and stick pumpkin seeds in about every fourth row.

I remember playing ball at the old fair grounds after I helped plough it and it had been harrowed down. We went up there at night after all the chores were done. I caught for the Blandford team for many years with a glove which was so poorly padded that many catches brought tears to my eyes. Mitts were not so well padded in those days and this one was cheaper than most.

In 1904 I went to West Springfield to high school, but at Christmas time when I was in the ninth grade Herbert, my brother, got married and I had to stay home as there was work to do. That winter Herbert and I drew wood to Woronoco making two trips a day from the Knox Place. We drew about three hundred cords up there, a pretty stiff job for a boy of fifteen.

I started dancing just before this. Music was from a banjo and a violin. There were also dances at the Town Hall where they had an orchestra, piano and a caller.

In 1908 I left home to work for the first time. It was at Peebles Store where I had to talk to people of every kind. It seemed to me that some were giving me a hard time. When it was fair time I worked selling soda and candy. Who would have thought I could be a hawker there?

I cut meat through the winter when things were slow. I guess I cut up a hundred hogs. There was sausage to



Percy Wyman - 1906

make. I worked from six in the morning until nine at night except on Saturdays when at eleven we put out the lights.

I left the store in 1909 in September to go to Cuba to work for Mr. George Emmans. I saw New York City and horse cars for the first time, then got on a Ward Line Ship. We planted about five acres of tomatoes and spread bags of fertilizer. I was glad to leave and come home.

The next spring I bought a pair of horses of my own. I had more work with that team than I could do, ploughing and having and drawing lumber.

I went to Great Barrington to work in 1910 on about the last trolley line being built. When I got home in the last fall there was an agricultural hall dance. It was there I met the woman who was to be my wife. This would mean a change to a much different life.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Percy Wyman, friend and contributor to *Stone Walls*, died on March 13, at the age of 93. He was born in Blandford and had lived in Westfield for 50 years.

From the Diary of Nelson Clark (1861)

Sept. 18, 1861

Forenoon went after subscription money afternoon nailed up slabs by the stable Henry carried mail weather lowery

Sept. 22nd, 1861 Sunday no meeting Brother Barns not back from Savoy Weather cool hard rain last night Sept. 30, 1861

At home forenoon did some choring afternoon dug some potatoes over the swamp they do not yeald very much weather comfortable some cloudy.

Oct. 1, 1861

at home drying potatoes Henry carried mail Charles and Almon went hunting poor luck weather pleasant wind south looks like fowl weather tonight

Oct 15, 1861

At home husking corn I have much preplexity about Post Office business it seems to be my lot to have trouble weather fine pleasant no frost yet.

Oct. 16, 1861

Carried mail to Russell Henry gone to cattle show Almon gone peddling papers weather fine and pleasant cloudy this evening

Oct. 18, 1861

forenoon at home afternoon went to the mill Henry and I carried 2 bushel of corn and got it ground Weather forenoon hard rain afternoon cleared off very warm for time of year No frost yet Oct. 20, 1861

Sunday no preaching weather cooler and windy had a prayer meeting not much feeling rather discouraging

Oct 22, 1861

layed wall for E. Clark weather cool wind north east Almon gone to paper mill to see if he can get a house Oh my God have mercy on that poor child I feel that he has got a hard lot Give him wisdom that he may act correctly My father in heaven shield him from her cruel temper I feel sorry for him My God let thy Spirit rest uppon him Always

Oct. 23, 1861

forenoon at home afternoon laid wall at E. Clarks. Henry carried mail to Russell Almon moved to Russell Paper Mill with Gould's team The Lord direct and prosper him and sustain him under his binds weather forenoon rained very hard til near noon then cleared off quite comfortable had a rain squall near night Oct. 24, 1861

forenoon went to the mill afternoon wheeled up 7 loads of muck and put in the pig pen then cleaned out the backhouse Henry went to the cattle show Charles still here weather cold and windy some snow squalls quite cold this evening

Oct. 29, 1861

Forenoon went to the mill and got 3 bushels of provender ground afternoon gathered garden stuff went to Caucus this evening E, N. Taylor was Nominated for representative to Boston Weather cold and windy

Oct. 30, 1861

Carried mail to Russell Henry went with me Brought up 37 Paten Office

report a hard job for us Weather forenoon rained some cleared and pleasant

Oct. 31, 1861

at home making wall by the pig pen and making a gate Henry helped me Almon came home today He looks sober I think he has grown old under his trouble. Lord sustain and direct him. My health is better than it was since the fall months have commenced last fall at this season I was sick not able to sit up much. The Lord be merciful to me still and provide for me. Weather fine and pleasant for this time of year.

Nov. 2, 1861

Forenoon went to the mill wheeled up some old wood from Ochs pasture cut it up and brot the wood in went to Stiles after paper. Henry went to Russell to see soldiers pass. Brot up books and mail matter weather cloudy began to rain about noon rains very hard this evening wind east a cold east storm Nov. 5, 1861

forenoon at home doing chore work afternoon went to Town Meeting The drummers are serenading Brother James Squires this evening weather had been fine and pleasant cloudy this evening and begins to rain

Nov. 13, 1861

Went to Allen's store and got a gal of kerosene 1/2 lb. tea and a bushel of coarse salt Henry carried mail weathermorning cold grew warmer Louisa and I went to brother Barnes this evening.

Nov 14, 1861

Chopt on Bunga Henry helped me he cut his foot near night very bad I feel almost discouraged I don't know how I shal get along this winter Weather pleasant for time of year.

Nov. 18, 1861

At home butchering Charles helped me My pigs weighed 488 lbs. They

did very well weather cool a good day to bucher

Nov. 19, 1861

at home cutting up pork and salting it. Went to the mill Almon came home this afternoon he is thinking of enlisting in the army he can not live with his wife I feel sorry that he was fouled up by that nasty prudy woman Lord smile on him. Weather pleasant but cool

Nov. 23, 1861

At home choring some Almon here Charles came home today Henrys foot doing well weather rainy mist this morning soon began to snow continued all day some hail mixed with it first snow this season to make the ground white.

Nov. 25, 1861

At home doing some chores weather snowed some part of the day Charles and Almon and Gibson and B. Kagwin and Brother Barnes gone to Pittsfield to see about enlisting in the army.

Nov. 26, 1861

went to L. Allyns for Ry got 4 bushels got it ground Brother Allyn brot it home for me weather rather cold blustery winter like.

Nov. 27, 1861

Carried mail to Russell Almon has enlisted in the Army weather rather pleasant first clouded up some snows a little this evening.

Nov. 28, 1861

Chopt on Bunga and piled wood went to Wm Squires to execute bond for Postmaster weather mild cloudy this evening looks like snow

Dec. 1, 1861

Sunday Attended meeting Brother Gordon preached a good meeting weather rather cool began to snow soon after meeting was out from the south.

Dec. 4, 1861

Chopt on Bunga alone Henry at

home with cut foot all gone this evening to concert weather very cold this morning warmer after the sun rose.

Dec. 6, 1861

Went to Dr. Wrights for council then to Allyns Store Henry went to the mill with corn Charles at home weather cloudy all day looks like it will rain or hail

Dec. 7, 1861

Carried mail to Russell Henry helped J. M. Squeirs butcher a cow we have bought one half at five cents per lb drew the meat home on hand sled Henry got home my cider barrel from Washburns this evening Weather warm the snow has wasted fast.

Dec. 8. 1861

No meeting Brother Barns gone off on a recruiting tour Warm and pleasant for the time of year sleighing spoiled Dec. 9, 1861

At home cutting up beef and doing other chores. Went to Wm Squires in the evening then to E. Clarks and gave him a deed to my place. Weather warm and thawy.

Dec. 10. 1861

At home salting beef and doing chores Henry went to Allen and Clarks store Weather foggy and misty warm for this time of year.

Dec. 13, 1861

Chopt on Bunga Henry helped me Almon come home today Weather pleasant for this time of year.

Dec. 14, 1861

Carried mail to Russell Almon went to Russell Henry sawed wood at the meeting house Weather pleasant for this time of year No snow on the ground.

Dec. 15, 1861

Sunday. Attended meeting today. Ezra Wrights wife was buried this day. Weather cold and blustery

Dec. 20, 1861

Chopt on Bunga Henry helped me Henry and the girls have gone to Brother Barnes this evening Weather cooler today and this evening.

Dec. 22, 1861

Sunday attended meeting with my family Weather cloudy but no wind cloudy this evening and looks like a storm

Dec. 24, 1861

At home doing chores Children did not go to school today Weather cold and blustery snowed last night then the wind came around and the snow drifted and continued to all day and some this evening a tedious day to be out very cold this evening.

Dec. 25, 1861

Forenoon at home afternoon went for money for Republicans up to R. D. Averys Weather cold extreme in the morning More mild in the afternoon Dec. 27, 1861

Chopt on Bunga Henry with me John Hutchinson bot my old cow today paid \$20.00 weather morning rained some wind come around north west grew cold all day wind blows this evening very hard

Dec. 28, 1861

Carried mail to Russell Saw Almon's wife. Came up with Warham Moore Weather cold day Severe weather

Dec. 29, 1861

Attended meeting small congregation weather cold not severe

Dec. 30, 1861

Chopt on Bunga Henry with me. Bell Moore died last night Weather cold some windy.

Dec. 31, 1861

forenoon chopt up wood at the meeting house afternoon attended funeral of Octerlony Moores girl

100 Years Ago in the Hill Towns

(Bits and pieces taken word for word from the Springfield Republican of 1883)

Saturday, September 1, 1883 - The Cummington farmers have been threshing their rye of late with good results. Finley Bates sowed 70 rods of ground from which he harvested 19 bushels, which is 44 bushels to the acre. Henry Cobb sowed one bushel of oats on an acre, and the growth was so heavy that he cut it before the time of harvest for fear it would destroy the "catch" of grass. H. A. Streeter calls 60 bushels of oats to the acre a crop on his farm, but does not always get it.

Thursday, September 6, 1883 - Huntington crops are good, and curiosities in the way of vegetables are common. Austin Rude exhibits a bunch of 15 fine tomatoes growing together in a cluster like grapes, and Charles H. Stanton has a large potato with nine large protuberances, the whole weighing two pounds and five ounces. --Some fine black bass have been lately taken from the pond in Norwich.

Tuesday, September 11, 1883 - GRAN-VILLE'S "WILD MAN" CAPTURED

Officer Minor lodged in the lock-up yesterday the "wild man" who has been exciting the fears of some Granville people for a little time past. He was captured by a posse headed by the Granville selectmen and held under charges of indecent assault upon a seven-year-old daughter of his employer, and of theft of \$20 two or three weeks ago. Upon the discovery of his misdeeds he fled to the woods and remained there

until caught, living on berries and such food as he could get without exposing himself for more than a moment at a time. He proves to be Edward H. Perry, 17 years old, whose home in is Cape Cod. He has been twice under sentence to the state reform school and, it is thought, escaped from there previous to making his appearance in this section in the spring. His trial will take place today.

Friday, September 14, 1883 - Mount Tekoa presented a brilliant appearance Wednesday night to dwellers in the valleys for many miles around. The summit was crowned with the blaze of burning woods and up its sides were serpentine paths of flame, giving the mountain the appearance of an active volcano pouring forth streams of firey lava.

Monday, September 24 - The Blandford cemetery has been much improved by a new front fence and a long stretch of hitching-posts. --It is said the entries for the fair have doubled within four years.

Thursday, October 4 - The light-fingered gentry have struck Middlefield at last. A woman placed three loaves of bread which she had just baked on a shelf near the buttery window the other night, and when she went to get her bread for breakfast the next morning, she was greatly surprised at finding no bread there. The same night another woman in the neighborhood heard a noise at her bedroom window, and looking up she saw a man's leg coming in, but before she could get her husband awake, the leg disappeared.

Friday, October 19 - The complaint of A. W. Goodrich against E. W. Dickerman of the Russell hotel for keeping a public nuisance will be heard by Justice Smith of Chester November 10.

Wednesday, October 24 - J. C. Kenney of Chester, who was recently appointed assistant nurse at the Tewksbury almshouse, has been promoted to be head nurse at that institution.

Thursday, October 25 - A storm of sleet and snow began at Blandford about 9 o'clock and continued all night, so that yesterday morning the whole landscape assumed a wintry cast.

Friday, October 26 - The Chester paper company at Huntington are putting an engine into their mill to furnish motive power in dry seasons. Calvin Whittier... for many years the superintendent of the mill, has been visiting for a few days Dr. T. H. DeWolf of Chester and James H. Williams of Huntington.

Tuesday, October 30 - A FATAL ACCIDENT AT GRANVILLE

An eight-year-old son of E. G. Barnard of Granville was instantly killed last week by the falling of an iron rod on his head.

The Methodists have a chicken-pie supper November 7.

Monday, November 5 - The Bay State telephone company have put in a telephone at the Huntington drug store, making it a pay station.

Wednesday, November 14 - WESTFIELD

Monday night's wind storm knocked down several chimneys, twisted off decayed limbs and wrecked a shed or two, but did no serious damage. Up at Montgomery an unoccupied house was blown down and other mountain towns report some loss.

Genealogical Queries

Looking for information on Lt. David Scott believed born Westfield, Mass. about 1742. Lived in Huntington from 1760-1802. Moved to Ohio around 1817. Did any of his family stay behind?

Mrs. Jack Langbehn 40250 Mendocino Pass Rd. Covelo, CA 95428

Looking for bible of John Smith family. This bible was used as a source of information for early Chester records. Last known to be in the possession of Jennie Smith who at one time was a school teacher and Librarian in Hunting-

ton. She died about 1936. Please contact Mrs. Grace Wheeler, or the Huntington Historical Society, 430 Worthington Rd., Huntington, Mass. 01050.

Looking for information on Mary A. Brick. She married 11/19/1892 Charles Edward Cole. Their children were Laura May Bosworth, Clara Belle Conon, Florance Cole, and Charles Lester Cole. Where was she born, and where did she die?

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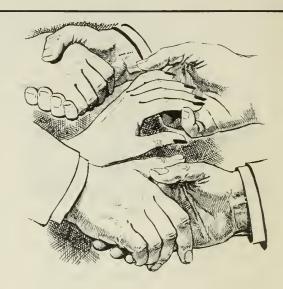
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76 Subscriptions		532.00
Sales		254.60
Donations		923.00
Ads		175.00
Interest		11.91
		\$2269.7?
Expenses		
Mint Printers (for Summer Issue)	\$1012.50	
Service Charge	5.50	
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(...to build a wall) "You take a chaotic pile of stones, and after struggling with it awhile, wrest it into some kind of shape that is not only useful, but beautiful as well."

Christopher Hewat
in "The Colonial Art of New
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Printed in the
St. Petersburg Times
May 8, 1983

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